Where now you both a father and a sonne,
By your vntimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasures fits an husband not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like Serpents are who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poyson breed.
Antioch farewell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to lust, as flame to smoake:
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put of the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile shun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head.
He must not liue to trumpet foorth my infamy,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this Prince must dye,
For by his fall my honour must keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highnesse call?

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber *Thaliard*.
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your secrecie; and for your faithfulnesse
We will aduance you *Thaliard*:
Behold, heer's poyson and heer's gold:
We hate the Prince of *Tyre* and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to aske the reason why?
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue flye after, and like an Arrow shot from a well experienst Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell at: so thou neuer returne vnlesse thou say Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your highnesse.

Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *exit.*

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none disturb vs; why should this chãge of thoughts
The sad companion dull eyde melancholy,
By me so vs'de a guest as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombe where griefe should sleep can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, & mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feard is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neyther pleasures Art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus that passions of the minde,
That haue their first conception by misdread,
Haue after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,
Nor bootes it me to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

And